

# SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

## DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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WHOLE NO. 115.

### The Principles of Nature.

#### A MELANGE OF MARVELS.

We give the following communication without note or comment upon section of its peculiarities, of which our readers themselves will judge. The facts herein related by our correspondent are, to say the least, of singular and remarkable nature, and if properly studied may throw some new and important light upon questions of spiritual philosophy. Concerning our friend's new method of prophecying, however, we prefer not to hazard an opinion at present; yet justice impels us to acknowledge that we have witnessed some singular coincidences between his predictions and subsequent occurrences, which could scarcely be the work of chance.

HARVEYVILLE, GENE, May 16, 1854.

I am commanded by the Divine Spirit, which is now present, to write to your paper my testimony concerning the spiritual truth. My conclusion from my experience is, that the Great Spirit of the universe of matter and of spirit sees it to communicate with his children in various ways and by various manifestations. The medium of spiritual communication are tables or machines of wood, and raps on them and on the walls and floors of houses, the sudden blast of the wind, the ringing of the bells, the appearance or intrusion of animals into a house which has become spiritualized or electrified—so that if we were to admit (which can not be done) that Spiritualism is nothing but a science, still it, even as a science, would be the strongest miracle or proof of the communications from the Great Spirit and inferior Spirits. But to admit that it is a science only, would destroy all belief in a God, and would attribute the presence of the prophets to mere science or trick, and this is the very notable task which one Shields, in Congress, and one Dods, a writer proper, have been trying to do, viz., to prove that Spiritualism is a sort of electrical science; and the homilies of such persons are disgusting enough.

The platform of this new religion is one that will stand as long as the world stands, and that platform is this: All good men and women are sons and daughters of the Good Spirit (God), all children of the Great Spirit and of the Holy Ghost (Spirit)—that God's Spirit, or the Great Good Spirit, reveals itself to his children in various ways, and communicates with them through the natural signs, as the singing or flight of birds, inward mental premonitions, visions, etc., but it is found that the most direct means of the spiritual communication is the application of the hands and the intuition to wood, or wooden tables, whereby certain vibrations will attest the presence of this secret Divine agency, and by a concordance of these sounds with the future events prophecies can be made, and questions answered.

The repeated contact of the hands is a wooden structure not only spiritualizes, or (as the peddling opposers of this religion would say) electrifies not only the table and the house, but the atmosphere in and about the house. The person is also spiritualized, and by his operations with the table he creates an atmosphere of divinity, which rush into the circle of the spiritualized atmosphere which the medium's operations have created. He surrounds himself with a spiritual atmosphere, and is in fact attended by the Spirits; whereas, if this spiritual atmosphere is not thus excited by the excitation of the spiritual fluid in us, no Spirit will attend, and none will be under our influence. Still, the signs of nature, the flight and music of birds, and a thousand phenomena would be the medium of communication had not this power of summoning the Divine agency never been discovered. So that they are indeed unwise who deny that the Divine Spirit communicates in various ways to his children; and yet this denial is continually made by the fanatics whose man-worshiping spirit prompts them to say, that this new religion is opposed to the doctrines of Christ; whereas, we say that Moses, Christ, and all good men and did communicate. But I say that this privilege of communication is not confined alone to Moses or Christ, but that all good persons may communicate with our Father (the Spirit) in heaven. I was a skeptic. I set about to explore this new discovery. Let me epitomize the results of my efforts to destroy this religion:

1. I found I became able to tell the distances from one place to another, the length of lives, the ages of persons, and the latitudes and longitudes of places. Then I thought to myself, this is nothing but a science. But I was also able to predict the changes of the weather for years ahead, the dates of battles, great fires, etc. I published those predictions in the Sunday papers. They have been fulfilled. The accuracy of my predictions will appear almost incredible. The fulfillment of my predictions of deaths, battles, and fires is well known here and elsewhere. "Glorious science," said I. I next repeated the alphabet, and it spelled thus: "Go out and come back." I obeyed. I returned. There was a strange-looking piece of bluish paper with certain marks on it. I took it up to read it. At that moment I felt a strange sensation come over me—my hands were made on the table, on the floor, the door and window were slammed, and I heard a multitude of persons walking my head in the upper room. I then heard the creaking

of masts and the roaring of cannon. All that while I was reading the paper, on which was written: "God is God, and I am with you." My hair stood on end—a great storm appeared to be raging—I hallooed for my servant, who was asleep. He ran in, and heard the noises, and was filled with consternation. He fell down and prayed. My dog next came in, and was lifted five feet high, and hurried out of the chamber with sufficient force to kill him. He lay perfectly still for ten minutes.

I foretold the number of deaths in a week in Seneca County, ages of the deceased, distances to their places of abode. Hundreds flocked to witness these wonders. The believers were chiefly the best men in this community. I received hundreds of letters daily from persons wishing to know their destiny or future fate. Most of these letters contained sums of money, which I invariably returned to the writer. Hundreds of committees sent letters inquiring how old were certain persons when they died. All my replies were correct. Oh, I can not tell a fourth of the glories and beauties of the Spirit which I have seen.

But I will relate one or two more experiences: I was alone at night in my house. I asked of the Spirit, "Will you send to me the Spirit of my dear Susan Jones (a cousin of mine living two hundred miles off)?" The answer was in the affirmative. "At what hour?" Answer, "At 11 o'clock." An hour passed. I lay down on a couch to rest for a moment. I had not lain there above a minute when I perceived the shadow of a person moving on the floor. I was seized with the electric or spiritual feeling. I trembled. I leaped up, and there stood before me a stranger—a young and beautiful woman (but not my cousin). This woman I had never seen before. She stated that she could not account for her coming; that she drew near, and seeing me engaged at my devotions and experiments, she could not help coming in. She told her name. She was highly respectable. She had never before entered my house. I looked at her steadily, and on my oath and word of honor, I saw in her eyes the look or expression of my absent cousin, and before God I believe that the Spirit of my absent relative was then in this woman, and that she was impelled by the magnetism of the Spirit to enter my house, in defiance of all evil suggestions. Thus did the Spirit grant that request.

But again: on another night I asked, "Will you send me the Spirit of Martha P. \*\*\*?" Answer, "Yes." "At what hour?" "Four in the morning." I went to sleep in my bed. After midnight I dreamed that I was in an antiquated country town. The railroad cars were just about leaving. I saw a party of men and women carrying off Martha P. by force. They lifted her in the car, and were trying to force her off, when I came up. When she saw me she shrieked for joy, and said, "Oh, I am safe now; run and protect me against these bad people!" I approached, but the cars moved off before I could get to Martha. She went off struggling. The dream waked me, and then what did I witness? Why there was the most intense burning sensation in the palm of my left hand, and I said to myself, that is the Spirit of Martha that promised to be here at four o'clock. She sleeps at home, but her Spirit is here. Oh, what was heard then! Repeated and rapid and loud raps on the walls and floor, the sounds of a hurricane without, a confusion of voices, and just at that moment my dog ran in and jumped strangely on my bed, but a powerful and invisible hand hurried it ten feet across the room. The covering was drawn from me. The sensation in the palm of my hand became more intense, and suddenly a window was raised, and the voice of M. said, "Well, I am here." I jumped up, put on my clothes, struck a light, and when I sat down I involuntarily ejaculated, "God is God, and God the Spirit is a Good Spirit, omniscient and omnipresent!" Our Father, the Great and Good Spirit in the heaven of the Spiritual world, thanks for thy manifestations! gratitude for thy revelations! And then I heard strains of instrumental music till I fell asleep.

I feel so much happier since those things. The world looks bright, and death has no terrors. For, as the Spirits of Martha and Susan were brought to me, so will my Spirit be walked through the Spirit-world; and since the Spirit has fulfilled those promises, so it will fulfill the promise it has made me, that I shall be allowed to return and revisit old scenes on earth, without being summoned; whereas, perhaps, my Spirit might wander at large through the Spirit-world after death, without coming back to this locality, but the Spirit has promised to let my Spirit return at pleasure without being commanded. They will fulfill that promise as they did in the cases of Martha and Susan, and no excited or spiritualized atmosphere will be needed in my case as in the cases of persons who get not that promise, or never become mediums. Thus, by friction, or legerdemain, or trick (as these impostors might insinuate), I have, like other mediums, created, generated, or excited a spiritual electrical atmosphere within which the ten thousands of Spirits rush, and make noises like artillery or hurricanes, and rap on the house and table.

I have written this account by the command and under the influence of the Spirit (God) who moves my hand, and makes

a multitude of raps and distinct roarings while I am writing. God is God, and my truth, the circle, the stars, and the angels of light, inscribed on our banner, triumph forever more.

Yours brother, S. UNDERHILL.

#### MESMERIC AND SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES.

Dr. S. UNDERHILL, of Mount Palatine, Putnam County, N.Y., who commenced his religious life as a Quaker, writes to us of his experiences in the physical sciences, by which he lost his religious faith, and then proceeds to show how he regained it, with interest, through the instrumentality of mesmerism, clairvoyance, and the more recently unfolded phases of spiritual manifestations. We give the second part of his account of his investigations, as being of general interest to our readers, illustrating, as it does, the gentle and gradual manner in which modern Spiritualism has made its advent to numerous minds through channels of various and increasingly wonderful psychological phenomena. Having been disengaged by the Quaker ministry for his skepticism, and being on the point of publishing a second edition of a lecture on "Mysterious Religious Emotions," in which he attempted to account for all such on the basis of natural causes, he says:

Just at this juncture I received from New York, at Massillon, O., where I then resided, a work on Animal Magnetism, by Dr. Dussumier, a French physician, then teacher of the French language at West Point Military Academy. After reading this and various German authors on the subject, I was induced, in 1831 or 1832, to try to magnetize, and was successful in procuring sleep when all other means had failed. This saved the life of my patient, and made me a firm believer in the reality and utility of animal magnetism.

I continued my experiments, and in 1839 laid the subject before the Ohio State Medical Convention. It made me chairman of a committee for investigating the subject, and since that period much of my time has been devoted to investigating and teaching this science. Thus the subject of temperance became my chief employments for the last fifteen years. I have effected by it cures as wonderful as any that I have read of, and developed clairvoyance of the highest order. The vision independent of the external eyes, and in many cases of blind persons, the seeing at great distances correctly, the foretelling future events with precision, and the existence of hearing, feeling, taste, and smell, independent of the use of the natural organs, gave me very strong suspicions of the immortality of the soul.

After a number of years there occurred a new phenomena, which has been repeated hundreds of times since. The patient proposed to leave the body, if we would take good care of it, and go somewhere; and after two spontaneous occurrences of this kind, we could witness a case, by asking the patient to leave the body in our care, while they went some errand for us. The magnetizer can not make them feel or hear, nor can he exercise only such control as he exercises over a corpse, while they are thus away from the body. The pulse, in some instances, has fallen from one hundred beats per minute to thirty per minute. The lowest number of beats to which I ever knew the pulse to fall was twenty two per minute. If others are at the same time magnetized, such magnetized persons refuse to do any save watch the body, and talk about it. They affirm that the Spirit has left the body, etc., etc.

Such facts multiplied made me a believer, and afterward a believer in spiritual impressions, and you will not be surprised to learn that I am now a member of the Quaker society again. But in becoming such I have not sold my freedom, and I assure them that I could not and would not.

In 1849 I saw newspaper sketches of the "Rochester Rappings." I also found persons magnetized often desirous of looking into the Spirit-world, and three patients, without asking leave or speaking about it, directed their attention to the Spirit-world. These would tell us nothing of what they saw, except certain departed friends. One of these persons was a Materialist. I willed her to remember what she saw, and when she remembered, after waking, what she had seen and heard, she was a Materialist no longer.

In the spring of 1850 I had a visit from an old subject of former years, with a wife whom I had not before seen. They were both good subjects. I sent them to Rochester to examine the cause of the rappings. They both declared that Spirits were the cause, and he declared that a wall of flesh shut the vision of men in their natural state from seeing the reality. He remarked, "If I was not in the Spirit I could not see them." He exclaimed, "Doctor, there is a great revolution at hand." "When will it take place?" said I. "Why, it is working now, but will be manifested to everybody in 1855." "What will it be made up of, John?" "Why, Doctor, mankind are going to begin to do justice."

The lady, on three successive sittings, desired me to let her go from me, and not speak to her until she returned. She sat a while in silence, bowing lowly, with her hands clasped together, and her forehead resting on her finger ends. She then bowed with outspread hands many times. Then she rose, and went to a lounge, and kneeled for some time. Then she returned to her chair, and elevating her face (her eyes were bandaged, because the light hurt them), and with her right hand raised, she soon commenced, in the softest tones, in an

unknown tongue, in a clear voice, to address those whom she saw. There was an angelic expression upon her countenance. She ended by letting drop her hand and head. Her neck was slender, yet now and then she dropped one of those words. She now raised her head and hands, and seemed to be playing on a musical instrument. Hissing played long enough to play an air; she paused a moment, then struck her hands forward, and sang and played the invisible instrument. She sang, I think, six, seven, or more verses, in a tune which her husband (who is skilled in music) says he never before heard. She said, I must not tell her to remember what she saw, as it would be sure to make her insane. She allowed me to tell her to remember how happy she was, and this was quite as much as she could hear, saying, "What ails me, Doctor?" "Not any thing that I know of, Sarah; do you feel bad?" "I feel indescribably happy, but I feel as if I should fly away." Now this feeling did not come on when she first awoke, but a few moments intervened.

To my questions about her experience, put after she returned to me, and before awaking her, I got the following answer: "I saw thousands of glorious beings, and talked with them. They could understand my language, but I could not understand theirs. They taught me to speak theirs. I was only praising—only praising." This she said when at the first sitting. She said she was not permitted to tell me all. She could not permit us to write down any of those strange words, though before being magnetized she desired it. She was very skeptical about what she had said, seen, and done, when awake, and groaned pitifully over her unbelief when she was in the magnetic state. At the last sitting I willed her to believe more, and thus made her much happier. Of the words uttered they were mostly monosyllables, but we caught only three, and these words of two syllables. They were, "Iapo, laton, pitkaw." I only understand English, German, Latin, and some Low Dutch. Where did she get her language from? I never could learn a tune in my life. It was not over twenty minutes from the time I first magnetized her that she was speaking and singing in this new language. She saw, in the last sitting, that the moment she came back to me the language was taken from her, and she only knew that when there she understood it, and should remember it all when there again. I was impressed to be thus particular in this history. I ask again, Where did she get this language?

To the above I must add that electricity has been one of my hobbies. I have made many experiments with all its forms. I want to add further, that most physicians have very little practical knowledge of electricity, its laws, etc., etc. A stream of electricity passing from one side of a table to the other, would not move it, only by rending it shivers. Two bodies standing on the same floor, can not one be positively and the other negatively charged. Dry wood is a non-conductor of electricity. As electricity rends the dry air, so will it rend any non-conductor in passing through it.

To prove my position that even doctors are many of them ignorant of electricity, see Dods' "Electrical Psychology." He tells us that the magnetizer is positively charged with electricity, and the subject, when magnetized, is negatively charged, while both persons are on the same floor. Ridiculous! He tells us that arterial blood is positively charged, and that venous blood is negatively charged, and as negative and positive attract each other, this gives the motion of circulation. Now as all moist substances, water included, are conductors of electricity, it is impossible for a vein and artery, or any two portions of the human body, to be in different electrical conditions; so that while Dr. Dods has been a good experimenter, he shows a want of science rather mortifying to his magnetic friends. Electricity will never go around if it can go across. If a body could be positive in one part and negative in another part, and this was its natural condition, then it would attract together strongly, but should it get all alike, as on the *insulating steel*, it would repel itself into atoms! Eh! Doctor!

My hints will not allow me to enter upon my reasons for saying that these phenomena are not the result of mesmerism. I reserve that for another communication.

You may have heard that I was prosecuted and fined \$200 for lecturing and letting people witness Spiritualism, at Rock Island, about a year ago. I appealed, and the case was thrown out of court. I have just returned from an eight months' tour of lecturing upon various subjects—some on Spiritualism.

Yours fraternally,

S. UNDERHILL.

The Ghost—Runners of a mysterious appearance, in human shape, clad in the habiliments of the grave, have been seen in our town, for a week or two past. The strange, mysterious visage makes its appearance about the "watching hour of night," and several proofs to have seen it, in different localities, in the suburbs of the town, and have had perplexing doubts as to whether it be "a spirit of health, or goliath damned." Once or twice persons have essayed to speak to it—

"But lighter than the whiffwind's blast,  
It vanished from their eyes."

—Coral Democrat.

#### SPIRIT-LIFE.

BY AUGUSTINE DODDREY.

In the lone and silent midnight,  
When the stars, from darkness creeping,  
One by one, like blessed lanterns,  
Illumined our sleeping.  
Then I dived within my spirit,  
Blessings of a pure life—  
Voices of an inward music—  
Calming outward strife.

Light breaks in upon my slumber—  
Light of more than earthly gladness—  
Low and sweet come my whispers,  
Soft with heavenly sadness—  
And around me, mirth and saint-like,  
Forms, in love and wisdom bright,  
Move through air with shadowy footstep—  
Smile with eyes of light.

Each hath sorrow in his features,  
Yet a high and holy mirth—  
Each hath need with its pleasure,  
Comparing mortal weakness—  
Each hath form that followeth closely—  
Pain no more than that before—  
Loss of all and earthly seeming,  
And of heaven more.

And as each one toward me turns,  
To my mystic features trembling—  
Shines a blessed soul transformed,  
My own soul resembling—  
And with useful reverence viewing  
That of which my soul is part,  
Listening to the eternal future,  
Bonds my earthly heart.

#### CRUMBS FOR MRS. CROWE.

FOR MRS. CROWE:

In conversation with an eminent merchant of this city, a few days since, on the subject of Spiritualism, he related some instances of spiritual appearances, which I deem of sufficient interest to send to you. The first was the case of an aged couple, very worthy persons, members of the Methodist Church, who, one night after retiring to rest, were very much startled and awoke to see the door of their chamber slowly open, and two men, bearing a trestle, enter the room. On the trestle was a black coffin, with a silver plate, on which was engraved the name of their son (at that time absent in the island of Cuba), his birth, age, and time of death. The shadowy bearers directed their attention to these dates, and after the old folks had taken a good look at them, raised the trestle and slowly moved out of the room. The spell of their presence being withdrawn, the father leaped from the bed, ran to the door, which he found securely locked, opened it, ran down stairs, and found the house in the same condition as he had left it on retiring—the front door bolted and fastened.

The occurrence was so firmly impressed on their minds, that they took down the old family Bible, and recorded it, and at the first break of day repaired to the minister to get an exhortation. But the reverend gentleman was as much in doubt as themselves, and exhorted them to consider themselves the subjects of a mortal hallucination, and by fervent prayer to foil any such attacks of Satan in future.

Some weeks after, they received letters from Cuba, stating that their son died of the fever on that very day on which they had seen the apparition.

The next is an instance similar to the one related by Dr. Orton, at a recent Conference at your office. A minister left home for a considerable time, and during his absence received intelligence that his father was ill. He retraced his steps; and, being obliged to walk some two miles from the post-road to his house, was leisurely strolling along, enjoying the beauty of the spring season, when, just as he turned the lane leading to the mansion, he saw his father standing in a clover-field, close by the fence. He went forward to shake hands with him, the old man leaped over the fence, and walked with his son talking about the family, and relating many things which seemed very strange. He remarked that his father looked very well, and supposed the sickness had been subdued, and he had entirely recovered. When they arrived near the house, the old man stopped and told the son to go on and speak to his mother. The mother met him on the porch, with a sorrowful countenance, and said, "My dear H——, you are just too late to see your father; he was buried the day before yesterday." He assured her he had but just left his father, and that he never seemed in better health, and it was some time before he could be convinced of the fact that he was really dead.

I believe the narrator to be a man of veracity, and, from hundreds of similar cases, see no reason for rejecting these tales.

Truly yours,

n. s. orcott.

This is a sense of our own inexperience in those of smaller men, it is a sort of freight of the disasters that may fall ourselves. We assist others in order that they may assist us on like occasions; so that the services we offer to the unfortunate are in reality so many anticipations of kindness to ourselves.



## Original Communications.

## TO THE NORTH WIND.

By C. H. SMITH.

Soul of the frigid zone! O wild North Wind!  
Keeper and colder than the frosted spears  
Of polar seas, that pierce that ocean's rim  
And prick the sky, eternal as the years!  
That blow past sun and star, with vain endeavor,  
To crush thy iron throne and glacier walls, forever.

Why 'round our dwellings, eastless, art thou come,  
Bearing like the unloosed furies? Why,  
With cloud and tempest, to our southern home?  
And to the tropics, except thou fire by!  
Blast thou not master paths, where hyperborean light  
Shamea the pale face of day, and swallows up the night?

What forests, primal, in thy track have felt,  
Like brittle threads, their giant worths wrong?

What seas have girded with thy tempest belt?

Till all of art's proud steeds were whelmed, unused,

Sav in thy scornful laughter! And with frost and foam,

Who hast thou slain, what ruined, since thou led'st thy home?

Merry, this night! this night so dark and wild;

O plod! North Wind! stay thy angry breath,

Wreath with rocks and seas, till then has paled

Forests and waves to mountains! Shafts of death

Had not upon our tropic blossoms—full in bloom—

Drive not our tender vines, all withered, to the tomb!

Back with thy frosted arrows! back, North Wind!

Spare our frail huts, where frail life is pent;

Back to the mountains and the seas, that bind

They desolate home, and let thy wrath be spent

On the white glaciers, till their groans, afar,

Mingle in music with the Northern Star.

Or, if thou must, from out thy desolate home,

Wander forever, but to plague and pain,

Strike the proud palaces, and strew like foam

Lordlings and priests, the chaff of human gain;

Scatter the hateful falsehoods of six thousand years,

Born of all monstrous fraud, and fed on blood and tears

Or that some spirit, mighty as thou art

And pitiless, would blast the tyrant race;

Would rouse and trill man's universal heart;

Till deepest creeds and taskmen's whips no place

Of rest on earth could find, save hearts and hands of those

Such man was born, man's force and universal foes!

Blow such spirit! blast worth thou, North Wind,

If thou couldst batter every throat to dust;

If thou all falters from man's limbs and mind

Couldst strike, and scourge the earth of fraud and lust—

Of bitter feud, hate, scorn of falsehood and wrong—

Shame thy vileness that stars, singing Earth's cradle-song.

Back to thy home, North Wind! Come, mightier soul,

Out from men's waking hearts and glowing brains;

Defined at length to sweep, from pole to pole,

Fate, creeds, foul rites, and bloody gyves and chains,

Bringing our clime a more than hyperborean light,

Shaming our day's pale face, and swallowing up our night.

## EPISTLE FROM A CLERGYMAN.

Thanks to our reverend friend who writes us the following letter; he himself and the cause by him are independent. It affords us peculiar pleasure to find such a friend and advocate in Phillipsburg, for the Editor of this paper were born in that town, and our associate, CHARLES PARTRIDGE, belongs to the adjoining town of Templeton. Of course we are naturally gratified to learn that although we have ranged away from the place of our nativity, Spiritualism is not dead. We shall be pleased to issue a pamphlet edition of Bro. Harris' "Christian Pulpit" should a sufficient number be ordered to cover the actual cost of publication.—Ed.

PHILLIPSBURG, Mass., June 6, 1854.

## MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON:

Gentlemen.—As a preacher of the Gospel, a Spiritualist, and one of the first and present subscribers to the TELEGRAPH, I can not forbear sending you my testimony in favor of Bro. Harris' lecture before the New York Spiritualists, on Sunday, May 21, 1854, as published in your paper of June 3d. I will not attempt to describe the thrill of pleasure that ran through and through my spirit as I perused that speech to-day. About one year since I had a similar feast on reading the Editor's remarks on the "Bible Convention" at Hartford.

The TELEGRAPH always brings me a weekly feast, but on the two occasions just named I have had a banquet of the highest "order." It may not have been "bread from heaven," but it has seemed to me like "angels' food," at any rate it has fed my spirit, and given me an abiding presence. Believe me, sir, there are thousands in the Christian church and Christian ministry who are wanting in nothing except the clear light which Bro. H. sheds upon the whole matter, in the lecture above alluded to. Let the direct rays of this light but once fall unobstructed on their minds, and they will soon become what Christ desires and our world needs! For five years I have preached these same views as fast and as far as they have been communicated to my mind; and although the wolves have sometimes howled, still the people have heard me gladly. There is a power exercised over me in the pulpit (or through me) of which I am unconscious elsewhere, and as yet no voice has been raised within or without the church to silence me. And why should there be? since the world is perishing for lack of the bread of life. The outward man is fed, and clothed, and housed, but the spirit—the inner man—is starving, withering, and blasting in its darkness and its chains.

I am not blind to the fact, that a very large class claiming to be masters and "teachers" (?) are false to the trust and confidence reposed in them, and are either knaves or dolt; but there is a still larger class, I think, who if they were the true light would walk in it. I have no doubt this latter class would be vastly benefited if they could be induced to subscribe for and read the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH. But however deeply such a communication may be wished for, it is not likely to be realized.

I am continually pained, and frequently made miserable by the ignorant and foolish manner in which preachers and professed Christians treat this most holy and life-giving dispensation. But my consolation amid such darkness is, that in the end TRUTH MUST BE TRIUMPHANT.

In conclusion let me ask, What think you, Messrs. Editors, of putting Bro. Harris' lecture on "The Christian Pulpit" into tract form, and sending two or three thousand of them out to the ministers of our land, whose names and address could be most easily learned? I am poor enough in this world's goods, but I will give one or two dollars for this purpose. Are there not one hundred others who would be glad to do the same? I do wish that some method might be adopted to widen our gape of light more freely and fully over the land. I do not think that it would be wholly "casting pearls before

## PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON'S SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

And now I have "freed my mind" for this time, and you are at perfect liberty to "table," burn, or print this communication, without fear of losing a subscriber, or offending

Your humble servant, J. G. W. W.

## WHERE IS THE RELIABILITY?

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON:

Under the heading, "Where is the responsibility?" in the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH of the 10th inst., you state, "There is a disposition, as we find, to hold speaking media to a more rigid reckoning than others are subject to, but for what valid reason have we not been able to discover?" You mean to be understood, that you see no valid reason why speaking media should not be as readily accredited in their claims that the communications they give from the Spirit-world are genuine utterances of Spirits through them, as are the communications given through the rapping, tipping, and other physical media. Permit me to answer in my own, and on behalf of those who place the greater reliance upon the material media, that I can only recognize that as spiritual communication which can not be assimilated nor attributed to the direct action of the intellectual organs of the minds of the media. For I hold that any thing I can do or comprehend is not beyond the capacity of some other person in the force to do and comprehend, and that therefore there can be no positive reliance placed upon communications purporting to be spiritual, unless attended by those extrinsic evidences that completely isolate them from all suspicion of intentional deception or connection with either the normal or abnormal operations of the human mind under any of its known laws of action. Any other criterion to rest an analysis upon of the profound phenomena we are daily witnessing and reading reports of, can not be held as logically reliable, or as philosophic evidence in making a correct analysis of the spiritual manifestations. Simply because all such things can be done without spiritual media, and are open to the charge of deception and imitation.

To adopt any other rule of evidence would at once launch the inquirer after truth upon that vast sea of uncertainty and hypothesis upon which all true men from the beginning of time have deluded and confounded to the utter confusion of ideas and the martyrdom of thousands of earth's choicest spirits. Upon any other rule than that of men are media equally reliable, and we will be bound to accept all pretences as genuine, since we have no right to assume that any one person making pretences to mediumship, more than another, is the dupe of abnormal aberrations of the mind and personal vanity, or intentionally deceptive.

Should we have much to convince us of immortality, and the number of believers here is continually augmenting, and our cause is slowly but surely onward. I find a comfort in this belief, which I can the better appreciate in consequence of the desert of unbelief which I have passed through.

## A VOICE FROM WINSTED.

Our reference some weeks since to several friends in Winsted, Conn., which occurred in the course of some remarks elicited by an article that appeared in the *Investigator*, has been responded to by a good friend in that place, whose letter requires no elucidation or endorsement.—Ed.

BROTHER BRITTON:

Your reference to Winsted in connection with a communication from

W. P. Smith, of Burlington, N. Y., has induced me to give you some facts concerning myself and others, who have been subscribers, as well as believers in some of the cardinal principles of the *Investigator*. There

has been a constant reader of that truly valuable paper for the last fourteen years, and am now a subscriber, with a friend who is a Spiritualist.

As for myself, I have only to say, I have never embraced any of the tenets of the *Investigator* as far as they were concerned in the claims that the communications they give from the Spirit-world are genuine utterances of Spirits through them, as are the communications given through the rapping, tipping, and other physical media.

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reliance upon the material media, that I can only recognize that as spiritual communication which can not be assimilated nor attributed to the direct action of the intellectual organs of the minds of the media.

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surely onward. I find a comfort in this belief, which I can the better

appreciate in consequence of the desert of unbelief which I have

passed through.

Yours truly, H. C. WHITING.

WINSTED, CONN., June 16th, 1854.

## DISCORDANT COMMUNICATIONS.

NEW YORK, May 27, 1854.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

Dear Sir.—In your paper of this date, May 22d, under the head of "Digest of Correspondence," there are related several spiritual communications with reference to the loss of the steamer "President," each contradicting the other, one of which was forwarded—as you state—to me in connection with another relating to the "Globe of Glass."

I may remark, or present, that at the time the latter communication was received, viz., the 22d April, all that was stated by the communicating Spirits appeared quite plausible. They distinctly gave

their opinion that the steamer in question would go down in a few days, and that there did not appear to be any prospect of escape for either passengers or crew, unless, perhaps, a very few of the latter.

A week later, at the same circle, it was also voluntarily stated that about four hundred persons from that ship had reached the Spirit-world; that

they were the first to be relieved from the trials of the "Globe of Glass."

But I can hardly find language to express what I would upon this subject. The gulf that lies between the two modes of manifestation is so wide and vast, the evidence so profound in the one case and so utterly unreliable in the other, that I am almost weighed down with the contrast, and somewhat disposed to contest the sanity of those who accept as infallible or even reliable evidence of Spiritualism the words and ideas of individuals that come forth, as upon all ordinary occasions, from the sensorium of the human brain. One rap, not assimilated, but conveying intelligence—one correct response through a material medium to thoughts not spoken—is more substantial as evidence of a responding intelligence outside of the visible human form than a thousand prolonged essays spoken or written through the agency of the human organism. But when we obtain sounds, which by agreement with the invisibles or Spirits we understand as language, or by writings upon paper or slate, without human contact, or by the lifting of ponderable bodies responsive to our suggestions—evidences that living and acting intelligences are around us and cognizant of our thoughts and desires—that they respond not only to the questions we propose verbally and secretly, but give utterance to occurrences past, present, and to be (beyond the knowledge of persons present), and truthfully, because subsequently demonstrated to be so in thousands of instances—then we have evidences that are reliable so demonstrative of spiritual communication—as variable so as our every-day speech with each other is an evidence of our mental and social intercourse. Such evidences there is no evading. They are as absolute as figures, and must be denied in toto or admitted in toto, and every logical mind is driven perforce to one or the other stand; and every Spiritualist, whether of the old or the new era, is driven right up to the mark—to the confession, that either the Spirits of departed mortals are in converse with us, or the devil and his hosts are, of a mixed audience coming from a spiritual lecture, scarce one feels certain that what has been spoken comes from the Spirit-world, and not one can logically demonstrate a spiritual or any other than a natural origin for it, unless in the sense that all exalted utterances may be so derived, but of which there can be no tangible proof while there exists no positive or philosophic evidence.

All ideas are but of two kinds, and in all instances spring from the mind's contact with the spiritual or material sources of sensation—or thought. Hence the medium that speaks from inner light can only be recognized as infallible so speaking—by speaking of that of which he had no personal knowledge in his normal state; nor would it be safe to affirm of any man he is a medium of spiritual utterances, without extrinsic evidence, nor to claim that we can reach by intuition the existence of such a being.

A. J. Davis gives a very ingenious explanation of the causes why communications often are obtained in accordance with the desires of the questioner. His answer is, that very affectionate Spirits are induced to do, so from an overanxious desire to gratify. So far, well; this appears to be just a conclusion.

Another difficult question, viz., why communications purporting to come from the Spirits of men who in this life were pugnacious or ignorant, are often received in a style much inferior to their former language, are often received in a style much inferior to their former

mode of expression, and have much light thrown upon it by a philosophical deduction made from certain psychological facts in a large number of your pages. On the occasion referred to, it was stated that as in biological experiments, so termed, a highly susceptible "sensitive," or "medium," can be so far psychologized as to be made to produce as spiritual bodies, and yet not receive the influence of what we call "the Devil" and "Evil Spirits."

That mistakes often occur, which will account for much, must be admitted. Then the *error* of the medium's mind, as well as that of the circle, together with the *particular mood* in which the investigators may happen to be for the time being, should be taken into consideration, with reference to the quality of the communications. For instance, inasmuch as all are not equally reliable, and yet many are, it is difficult to ascertain which particular portion of the brain, the cerebellum, or, as he terms it, the back brain, in and through which "God directs," at the eminent risk of leaving his God in a rather ludicrous predicament, and in *error* of intellect, gathering the truths that fall in his pathway, like flowers from a fairy land, contemplating meanwhile, its restoration to the purity of truth and love, what mountains of error and prejudice arise about him on every hand! Still he journeys on, through those dark and noisome depths, leading his unfortunate, blind and stricken brother man, till despair makes his philanthropy, when a ray of light gleams, and they all emerge forth upon the beautiful plains of human progression. Those sanctuaries taints unclean the blind one's perception, and how enchanting the view! their natures progressively unfold, truth and beauty new to them, yet all as God himself continually giveth their ennobled vision, and as each is perceived, therewithal evolveth divine malediction, permeating their nature with sweet aromatic harmonies, and thus on, to all eternity, as they pass toward the great temple of divine perfection. Meantime, as they journey, I seek for facts in confirmation of the hypothesis that they *continue to exist*.

I am aware of digression, yet feel disposed to say a word more before closing this communication.

The Doctor manifests a willingness to believe, provided he could be

fortunate enough himself to witness the facts, at the same time (as I am informed) claims to be constantly under this God-deluding influence, or in case the proof were as strong as that in respect to the hand and hand-writing on the wall of the palace of that drunken, licentious, and impious King of Babylon, upon whose solitary statement the fact of the hand being seen alone rests; and that, too, while in the midst of a grand carnival, in company with all surrounded by his wives and concubines, and, in all probability, thoroughly initiated into that psychology inherent in state, in which the person sees whatever the fumes of the wine may chance to daub upon the excited brain.

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Yours truly, W. C. COBBIN, M. D.

they are as sleep without a shepherd, home to lead the way, come to guide them in investigation, for truth. I bring this as regards any advance made in this direction can not do much, but have faith that the time will soon come when my experience will have some effect suited with the labors of others more favorably circumstanced. I have experienced many places in the progress of spirit or spiritual communion, from tabernacles to evident impression on the mind, to do or not to do in my ordinary employments and daily transactions. I have had communications most beautiful through the hand. I have had internal conversations most heavenly addressed by angels hand as distinct as though they were pronounced to the outward ear. I have been made to speak holy, sublime, and lofty subjects, in language and eloquence as far exceeding human speech as the sun exceeds the moon in light or brightness. I have been entranced by Spirits and made to feel the joys of heaven in my body and soul, and body happiness which I could conceive of the heavens could or absent. I have had visions of the most lovely and sublime scenery and feelings connected, that my spirit seemed to fill with joy of and happiness that it was almost impossible for my body to contain it. But all this, I feel, is not of so much consequence as what will be the result of the reach of spirit agency, the value of man as he is, and the extent of his influence on the world.

ROGER CASEMENT.

AN M.D. ON HUMAN MAGNETISM.

BURLINGTON, N. Y., June 1854.

MESSRS. EDWARDS:

I occasionally find in your valuable paper a notice of the satiric

of the so-called animal magnetism in the treatment of disease,

and am not only willing but consider it a privilege to add the testimony of my experience to its paramount superiority in every respect over any other known system of medical practice.

Educated in the science of medicine at the foot of the *Academy of Philosophy* it practiced for a few years, carefully noting the success (want of success) attending this as well as every other system in use. I finally came to the conclusion that the *system* (or rather the *picture* of *Time* in the *primacy*) would be a far more truthful emblem of the medical profession than the pain-healing serpent of Moses; and was finally forced to the same conclusions conviction with the talented and extensively experienced editor of the *Medical-Physical Review* (Dr. Johnson). "That if there was not a physician nor drug store in the land, the inhabitants would be better off," clearly indicating that medicine, as at the present time, kills more than cures.

It is a well known fact that the *system* of *Time* is the *most* efficient

and *most* successful in the treatment of disease, and that the *system* of *Time* is the *most* efficient in the treatment of disease.

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## General Correspondence.

## NEW PHASE OF THE MANIFESTATIONS.

WAUKON, June 7th, 1854.

Dear Britton—Among the numerous and remarkable facts occurring all over the land, furnishing incontestable proof of spiritual communion, the one I am going to relate may not be considered the least curious or interesting.

A lady medium in this vicinity, Mrs. Seymour, when entranced, is in the habit of writing communications on her arms with the point of her finger—first on the left arm with the index finger of the right hand, and then vice versa. The writing is for some minutes illegible, but soon it begins to appear in raised letters that can be both seen and felt distinctly.

You can use this as you may think best. I do not wish any one to believe as I do because I believe.

## PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN'S SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

Respectfully, D. MACE.

faith, is a wholsome doctrine, and very full of comfort, but I do not believe it to be true in the sense that Spiritualists hold it to be.

It is plain to me that man is free, that he has the power to confine himself in the laws of evil and falsehood, and thereby destroy himself, that he can so far destroy his rationality and liberty, that he can not perceive truth, nor appropriate good—say, that it is possible for him to so far destroy himself that he will cease to be human, and to fit only to be spewed out. There are a good many Spiritualists in this region, and they seem to be on the track. There have been some very good manifestations, but those opposed say it is nothing but mesmerism.

You can use this as you may think best. I do not wish any one to believe as I do because I believe.

Respectfully, D. MACE.

## Interesting Miscellany.

## NIGHT.

(This extract, by J. Blanco White, Cambridge pronounced the best one in the English language; and what is quite remarkable, the author did not know the language until after he was thirty years of age.—*Christian Spiritualist*.)

Mysterious night! when our first parent knew  
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,  
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,  
This glorious canopy of light and blue?  
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,  
Bathed in rays of the great setting flame,  
Hospers with the host of Heaven came,  
And lo! creation widened in man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed  
Within thy bosom, O sun! or who could find,  
While fly and leaf and insect stand revealed,  
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?  
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife,  
If light can thus dispense, wherefore not life?

## MAY THOUGHTS.

May here! lovely, beautiful May! Like a queenly bride she comes arrayed in vestal green, her brow wreathed with thick spring leaves, set around with violets; her dainty feet pressing the soft fresh grass, and her white arms laden with floral blossoms and amethystine buds. The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds has come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land. Winter has retired to the icebergs of the arctic seas, and spring, breathing the sweet fragrance of opening buds, is crowding around us with all its healing influences.

How poor "city devils," surrounded with smoke, and brick walls, and ledges, do love the country, and the birds and flowers, while, on the contrary, our country friends generally have arrived at such a degree of knowledge and appreciation of the mysteries and beauties of creation as to enable them to view with supreme indifference the vulgar surroundings of a country life, and look upon a galy day in the city as the some of earthly enjoyment.

When it is our happiness to be able to indulge in a ratiocination, and such occasions are far too rare and much too brief, it usually requires about a week to enable us to recover—so wear away the music of babiling waters, and exhale a portion of the spirit of freedom which we have caught from the hills, enough to allow us to regain our business equilibrium, and get once more in the harness of old habits of thought and pursuit. It is in verily a descent from that ethereal atmosphere of sense where the divine afflatus, rising like an exhalation from a thousand forms of beauty, fills the soul with all loves and harmonies, down to the thick air which hangs heavy round our door-post—heavy with the dust and smoke of a thousand forges—heavy with the breathings of poverty and despair—heavy with the cursings of gluttony, of harlots, and beggars, and heavy with dyed offerings to the duplicit and deceit of this pork-eating and bloated, weary work-day world.

Among the stately trees and in the echoes of rocks—among drooping honeysuckles and in the reflection of rivers, one can feel his heart growing down in the center, sending up shoots of moral health and personal beauty which crack and euphore the crusts of selfish wisdom and conventional virtue with which the intellect has enveloped the being. Our nature expands while viewing a wide expanse of water, and when standing upon a mountain height one is elevated to spiritual joys, and while surveying the thousand habitations of man on the plain beneath, gathers in a full rite of life, of *creation*—of cooking viands and building fires—of breathing, and hating, and dying.

Yet with all the exultation and pleasure which may accompany the contemplation of creation's mysteries there ever enters our thought which saddens the brightest picture. How comparatively few there are among "nature's citizens," those who live, and work, and receive their substance almost from the bosom of the green earth, who will turn their heads or stop to admire the wondrous orb of light, as he follows the golden tresses on mountains of billowy white, and, curtailed in by the drapery of heaven, sinks to repose in a sea of glory! Alas! eyes they have, but they see not, ears they have, but they hear not. It is really painful to observe how many live a long life, and yet die without tasting of the feast everywhere spread out for them, as Poor Richard expresses it, "they are invited to a repast worthy of the gods, yet stop to gather onions—called to partake of the Circean cup, yet stop to gaze with sullen and impious eyes."

Again they discover that their shepherd has falsely cried *Wolf*, when there was only a lamb, and *dead*, when there was a Spirit-friend, the messenger of love.

In this way are the enemies of Spiritualism instrumental in spreading it by the very means they use to put it down.

Dr. Halliburton and his daughter Julia, the latter a most remarkable speaking medium and clairvoyant, have just been here. The young lady gave five public lectures to crowded houses, and with great effect. It is impossible to do justice to these lectures; so simple, yet earnest and impressive; the voice so sweet, musical, and spiritual; the gestures so natural, easy, and faultless. I can confidently command her to all the friends wherever they may go, as a helper in the cause worthy of your confidence.

Yours truly,

D. COY.

## COURTNEY ON THE "INTERIOR SENSE."

NOBLEVILLE, HAMILTON CO., IOWA, May 20th, 1854.

MESSES. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON—In the TELEGRAPH, No. 102, an article on the "Interior Sense of the Word" (by W. S. Courtney), which I have carefully read, but I can not divest myself of the suspicion that some of it is bogus. My Court-ney says, the word comes to me laden with an interior sense, much of it of a high spiritual order, but that much of Swedenborg's interpretation of it he thinks is bogus. He says, also, that Swedenborg was an exceedingly pious old gentleman, and that his writings are better calculated to impress and possess the mind than any with which he is acquainted; that he himself was drawn in by them, and kept in the delusion for four years. He also charges Swedenborg with teaching that the Lord does things which he had not thought of at the beginning.

Mr. Courtney's object in writing the article seems to have been to put down the Swedenborgian delusion, and put up the delusion of Spiritualism—the question is, has he done so? If the word contains an interior sense, and if Swedenborg has not given us the true interpretation thereof, Mr. Courtney, I think, is bound to give us the true one, for he can not know that Swedenborg's is bogus, unless he knows the true interpretation. As to Swedenborg being an exceedingly pious old gentleman, I have nothing to say; it does not matter to me whether he was exceedingly pious, or exceedingly impious. If he or Mr. Courtney tells me the truth, it is enough for me. I shall not inquire whether they are pious or not.

As to Swedenborg's teaching that the Lord does special acts—acts which he did not think of at first—I have this to say: I have been in the Swedenborgian delusion, and put up the delusion of Spiritualism—the question is, has he done so? If the word contains an interior sense, and if Swedenborg has not given us the true interpretation thereof, Mr. Courtney, I think, is bound to give us the true one, for he can not know that Swedenborg's is bogus, unless he knows the true interpretation. As to Swedenborg being an exceedingly pious old gentleman, I have nothing to say; it does not matter to me whether he was exceedingly pious, or exceedingly impious. If he or Mr. Courtney tells me the truth, it is enough for me. I shall not inquire whether they are pious or not.

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A friend in Paris has furnished us with an interesting anecdote of Omer Pacha, one of the master-spirits of the Turkish Empire. The son of a poor Austrian lieutenant of the name of Hattah Omer, was, in his youth, appointed sub-inspector of roads in Dalmatia. Already was he tired of Austria, whose government he detested. Turkey, being the neighboring country, offered him the best chance of making his fortune, with a passport and some money he passed the frontier, and entered by the village of Omer Assay. Hardly had he penetrated into Bosnia, when he was robbed of all he possessed, even to his shirt. A Turkish peasant took pity on him, and furnished him with clothes and money. Arriving at Benja Louka without resources, he was happy to find employment in the house of a Turkish merchant; he had a daughter, with whom the young Austrian became enamored, and was about to marry her, when unfortunately she died. From this time Hattah turned Mohammedan, and took the name of Omer, in remembrance of the first Turkish village he stopped at. From Benja Louka, Omer went to Widdin, to seek service under Hissam Pacha. At this time he was in the flower of manly beauty, representing one of the most graceful models of the Creek race, with a pure and soft complexion, eyes soft and penetrating, and a splendid figure. He presented himself before Hissam. The Pacha was encamped in sight of Widdin, in a superb green tent lined with red velvet and gold. According to the Eastern custom, Omer entered the tent without ceremony, just as the chief had risen from his slats. "What do you want?" asked the Pacha. "To enter the service of your excellency." "We have already too many strangers in our troops," was the reply. Once there took out of his pocket a small package neatly folded, and begged the Pacha to accept it. "What is all this?" asked the chief. "Some gloves, your excellency." "And what are they used for?" (gloves being a thing unknown to him.) "When you are marching in the broiling sun," replied Omer, "you have not your fair hands sometimes blistered, and do not your fingers often get stiffened holding your hard bridles?" "And how do you put them on?" asked the Pacha with a smile. Once quickly showed him. Having got them on, Hissam raised his arms, and gazed at his hands in astonishment; as did also his officers who had just then entered the tent. These gloves got Omer employment, and soon after he became the colonel's aide-de-camp. When the Governor of Widdin died, he set out for Constantinople, and, rising gradually, became Generalissimo.

Friend Barry, I think, handles the absolute-necessity man very cleverly, but I also think that friend Barry is a little out of his course when he says he is in *favor* of free agency to a certain extent. It looks to me like saying, that man is partly free and partly bound. Now man is free, or he is not. If he is free, he can destroy himself, and he can save himself.

I am a good deal of a Spiritualist, that is, I believe that spirits communicate with mankind in the way it is said they do, and that the Lord sustains us by spirits, and I believe that spirits teach truth in many instances, but all they teach is to take as truth I do not believe.

The doctrine of progression, as the Methodists say of the doctrine of

some fan-loving scribbler says, the difference between a watch and a man is, that the watch is one up sets it going, and the same operation performed on the other causes him to stop.

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## FROM FROUDE'S "NEMESIS OF FAITH."

People canvas up and down the value and utility of Christianity, and some of them seem to see that it was the common channel toward which all the great streams of thought in the old world were tending, and that, in some form or other, when they came to unite, it must have been. That it crystallized round a particular person may have been an accident, but in its essence, as soon as the widening intercourses of the nations forced the Jewish mind into contact with the Indian, and the Graecian, such a religion was absolutely inevitable.

It was the development of Judaism in bring the sacrificial theory, and the last and purest conception of a personal God lying close above the world, watching, guiding, directing, interfering. Its object was, no longer the narrow one of the temporal interests of a small people. The church had burst its shell, and the presiding care extended to all mankind, caring not for bodies, but for souls.

It was the development of Paganism, in settling finally the vast question of the double principle, the position of the evil spirit, history, and the method of the delusion, while Zoroaster's doctrine of a future state was now for the first time explained and justified, and his invisible world of angels and spirits, and the hierarchies of the seven heavens, were brought in subject to the same one God of the Jews.

It was the development of the speculative Greek philosophy of the school of Plato, of the doctrine of the Spirit and the mysterious Trinity, the "one and all," the Word or intellect becoming active in the primal Being; while, lastly, the Hindoo doctrine of incarnation is the outstanding element in which the other three combine, and which interpenetrates them with an awful majesty, which singly they had not known.

So these four streams uniting formed into an enormous system, comprehending all which each was seeking for, and bringing it all down close to earth, human, direct, and tangible, and supplying mankind with full measure of that spiritual support with which only minds most highly disciplined can afford to dispense.

## SPIRITUALISM IN CONGRESS.

Mr. Shields presented in the Senate the other day a petition with 15,000 signatures asking the appointment of a committee to investigate "the manifestations." Mr. Shields made a very interesting and pleasant speech on the occasion—in which he went far back into history to show the superiority of the spiritual manifestations of former times over those of our own day. He began with Roger Bacon, and came down to Caglione. He omitted in his catalogue of distinguished men who had been connected with and believers in these things which is so goodly numbered, the case of the Wesley family, one of the most interesting as well as one of the best authenticated in history. Mr. Shields is either a real or professed skeptic in regard to these modern phenomena, probably the former. We infer from his quotation of Burke's celebrated aphorism, "The credulity of dopes is as inexplicable as the inaptitude of knaves," that he considers these fifteen thousand petitioners composed of these two classes. As we happen to be one of these petitioners, we consider the application rather personal, and beg he would make us an exception to his general and gentle insinuation. We assure Mr. Shields that laying this petition on the table won't "lay the Spirits." The *ghosts* of Achilles could turn the weapons of the enemy, but all the *ghosts* in Congress can not prevent the "turning of the tables"—Rhode Island *Advertiser*.

A LADY who had refused to give after hearing a charity sermon, had her pocket picked as she was leaving the church. On making the discovery she said, "God could not find the way into my pocket, but it seems the Devil did."

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

DR. C. L. DEXTER,  
89 EAST THIRTY-FIRST STREET  
Between Lexington and Third Avenues,  
NEW YORK.

J. B. COY, 542 Broadway, from 10 to 12 M<sup>o</sup>ning; 3 to 5 and 7 to 10 P<sup>o</sup>nt.

LA BOY SWEDENBORG'S "New Method of Cure," by Nutritio, without medicine. BOSTON, MASS. Available in all forms of disease. Send to your address free. Price, 25 cents, postpaid.

Public Meetings are held by the Harmonic Association every Sabbath at Franklin Hall, 6th street, below Arch, Philadelphia, west side. Lectures at half-past 10 A<sup>o</sup> and a Conference at 12 M<sup>o</sup>ning.

MARSH'S SPIRITUAL BOOKSTORE IN BOSTON.

DALE MARSH has removed from 25 Cornhill to No. 15 Franklin Street, Boston, in addition to his own valuable publications, and all others on Spiritualism, to keep constantly for sale all the publications of Partridge & Britton, and is their general Agent. All of these works are applied to the trade in any quantity, at publishers' prices. Orders are respectfully solicited.

1. *Compendium of Enchanted Pastoral Thoughts*, by Mrs. H. A. Smith. Price, 60 cents; postage, 5 cents.

2. *Biography of Mrs. H. A. Smith*. Price, 60 cents; postage, 5 cents.

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